

THE  
LONGITUDE  
Found out :  
A  
TALE.

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*Nihil inexpertum affirmes.*

Nothing so soon the drooping Spirits can raise,  
As Praises from the Men whom all Men praise.

COWLEY.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for THOMAS EDLIN at the Prince's Arms, over-against Exeter-  
Exchange, in the Strand, 1721. (Pr. 4 d.)

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LONGITUDE

Found out:

T A L E.

What important effort

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Printed for Thomas Eglin at the Printer's Arms over against Exeter-  
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T H E

## LONGITUDE found out:

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 NATURE on all some Gift bestows;  
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 N Which with the *Kindred Fancy* goes ;  
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 And some she forms for *Martial Deeds* ;

And some for *softer Acts* she breeds ;  
 And some for *Courts*, and some for *Carves* ;  
 And some for *Kings*, and some for *Slaves* :

To each she diff'rent Minds unites,  
 And varies each in his Delights.  
 Some love the *Chase*, and some despise  
 The *eager Hound* and *Hunter's Cries* :  
 Thus as the *diff'rent Fancy* leads,  
 The *diff'rent Happiness* succeeds.

IN Lib'ral Arts was *Sylvius* bred,  
 And many Authors had he read :  
 Well could he speak in *Worth's Applause*,  
 But ne'er was warm'd in *Beauty's Cause*.  
 In *Beauty's Cause* how weak his *Skill* !  
 And how unable was his *Will* !

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For all his Talk and all his Mind  
Was rather *Stoicly inclin'd*.

WHILOM, where ancient Annals crown  
The *British* Name with just Renown ;  
Where oft' the Drum and bloody Fight  
To Deeds of Glory did excite ;  
Lonely there ran a Crystial Brook,  
By all of chearful Soul forlook ;  
O'ergrown with Bushes, and the Shade  
Seem'd only fit for Study made :  
The Birds above with various Voice  
Did echo to the River's Noise ;  
The River's Noise thro' Caves unseen  
Return'd the Melody again ;  
And round the Vales in Confort brought,  
Reflected sweetly to the Thought.

SOON as the Day with new-dress'd Light  
Peep'd from the Curtains of the Night,  
Young *Sylvius* wou'd his Sleep forbear,  
And to the much-lov'd Shade repair ;  
On vast Designs intensely brood  
To measure out the *Longitude*.

To me, he cry'd, the private Skill  
My painful Labours shall reveal :



I shall the *Secret* know ; 'tis I  
 The *welcom Wonder* shall descry :  
 To me *much Honor* shall pertain,  
*Much Profit* shall the *Nations* gain.

How shall the Youth the *Tale* pursue,  
 Unless the *Muse* directs his *View* ?  
 The *Muse* can only fit impart  
 Fond *Sylvius*' disappointed *Smart* ;  
 And how when all his *Projects* fail'd,  
 The weak *pretended Stoic* rail'd.

O never now, be sure, he cry'd,  
 Fond *Sylvius* shall at *Rest* abide ;  
 The troubl'd Boy shall still complain,  
 While *Floods* pay *Tribute* to the *Main* ;  
 Long as the *Seasons* of the *Year*  
 In all their various *Forms* appear ;  
 Whilst *Winter's Cold* and *Summer's Heat*  
 Upon the hardy *Forests* beat ;  
 Shall *Sylvius* constantly be true,  
 O *Woods*, to *Sadness* and to you.

DISTEMPER'D thus, from *Place* to *Place*,  
 He wail'd the *Streightness* of his *Case* ;  
 And as he lay beside the *Shoar*,  
 Repeating all his *Troubles* o'er,

The



The Shades were fighting, and the Tide,  
Purling to ev'ry Sigh, reply'd.

NEAR to the River's Side there stood  
An ancient beautiful Abode  
Of large Extent; and Old Report  
Does mention it in noble Sort;  
But since by Fate's disposing Rule  
Converted to a *Boarding-School*.

FROM thence at sundry Times the Fair  
Wou'd come to take the Ev'ning Air:  
And some wou'd by the *River* rove;  
And some wou'd walk the pleasant *Grove*;  
And some the *Meadows* wou'd frequent;  
And some at *Home* the Ev'ning spent:  
As each, by *diff'rent* *Humors* wrought,  
A *diff'rent* *Recreation* sought.

YOUNG *Thetis* was the Nymph, whose Praise  
Wou'd make too proud my humble Lays.  
*Sylvius* she lov'd, but ne'er cou'd find  
The *Stoic Student* to her Mind;  
Tho' oft' she'd in the Bower surprise  
The wayward Youth with kindling Eyes,  
And blushing, with her Looks declare  
The Motives, that entic'd her there.

OF gentle Lineage was she sprung;  
 And in her Years bewitching young ;  
 Of *charming Shape* ; and in her Face  
 Well fitted for a *King's Embrace* :  
 No curious Eye did e'er behold  
 A sweeter Maid, of mortal Mould.

YET *Sylvius*, ah ! too simple Swain !  
 The gay Inviter cou'd refrain ;  
 Feel all the wanton willing Fair,  
 And yet the ready Bliss forbear.

IT was the Close of pleasant Light  
 Did *Thetis* to the Fields invite :  
 Her Hair was black as *Raven's Down*,  
 And white as *May-buds* was her Gown ;  
 And round was girt, as if it grew,  
 A Ribbon of a *Crimson Hue* :  
 The Winds embrac'd her, and the Trees  
 Bow'd to the Mistress of the Breeze.

FULL glad the *Nymph* her *Sylvius* found  
 In *feigned Slumbers* on the Ground ;  
 And taking soft his Hand, she prest  
 It all endearing to her Breast.

THE pleased Student, half afraid,  
 Surpris'd the trembling bashful Maid ;



And as she found her Strength decay,  
 And gently push'd the Youth away,  
 He squeez'd her close, and kiss'd her Charms,  
 And bless'd the Burthen of his Arms.

AH, *Thetis* ! Ravish'd *Sylvius* cry'd,  
 My panting Heart's endearing Bride,  
 Thou young Inticer, shall I now  
 My Life and Happiness forgoe ?  
 'Tis you, my Love, and only you,  
 Can raise me, and support me too !  
 O little smiling *Venus* then,  
 In Spight of your almost fifteen,  
 To me your Charge of Charms resign,  
 And let thy Soul confess thee mine ;  
 In all thy Bloom and bright Array  
 The Wrongs of fickle Fate ~~repay~~ ;  
 Restore my Peace ; repel my Pain ;  
 O thou the Wish of ev'ry Swain !  
 In thee, my Charmer, I shall feel  
 New Joys ; *new Longitudes* reveal ;  
 If not, yet certain thou shalt be  
 To find the *Longitude* of me.

F I N I S.